

## CHAPTER I

THE story of the Gettysburg campaign has so often and so elaborately been rehearsed, that it is hardly possible to add anything of value to the familiar tale. I shall, therefore, put down only some individual impressions and experiences which may be of interest at least to the circle of my personal friends. On the 30th of June, on our march through Maryland, I had the good fortune of finding shelter in a nunnery, the St. Joseph's College at Emmitsburg, in Maryland, a young ladies' school, carried on by a religious order. I waited upon the Lady Superior to ask her for permission to use one of her buildings as my headquarters for a night, suggesting, and with perfect sincerity, that her buildings and grounds would be better protected by our presence within than by any guards stationed without. The Lady Superior received me very graciously, and at once put one of the houses within the enclosure at my disposal. She even sent for the chaplain of the institution, Father Borlando, to conduct us through the main edifice, and permitted one of my officers, a good musician, to play on the organ in the chapel, which he did to the edification of all who heard him. The conduct of my troops camped around the institution was exemplary, and we enjoyed there as still and restful a night as if the outside of the nunnery had been as peaceful as daily life was ordinarily within it. I mention this as one of the strange contrasts of our existence, for at

daybreak the  
next morning I was waked up by a marching  
order, directing  
me to take the road to Gettysburg.  
**We** did not know that we were marching  
towards the most